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Song of Departure

SONG OF DEPARTURE

A bride of Bukovina speaks:

Dear my mother, weep not—
I shall not take all;
See, the cows and oxen
Leave I in the stall.

I take just black eyebrows,
Only eyes of blue;
And upon your table
Tears I leave for you;

And the little pathway
Where my footsteps fell
While I brought you water
Daily from the well.

Her mother speaks:

Pathway, little garden—
(Ah, she must depart!)
While I gaze upon you
Faints my breaking heart.

RUTHENIAN LOVERS

“In the fields grows the rye, rye that is green, is green!
Tell me, my lover, how livest thou, when never my face is
seen?”

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"Out in the fields, down-beaten, rye lies upon its face—
So do I live without thee, the good Lord giving his grace."

MY FIELD, MY FIELD

Fragment of a very old song

O my field, my field!
Ploughed with bones,
Harrowed with my breast,
Watered with blood
From the heart, from the bosom—
Tell me, my field,
When will better days be?

My field, O my field
By my grandfather won,
Why dost thou not give
Me the means of life?
Bitter toil! with my own blood stained—
My heart's blood is there!
How bitter for me, my field,
To look on thee!

*Done in English by
Florence Randal Livesay*